

TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYONE

Children and Grown-ups Love to Scare Themselves By Their Own Imaginings

All Human Beings Enjoy Torturing Themselves With Imaginary Fears Which Thrill Them to the Core.

By WINIFRED BLACK.

(Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

"AND so," read the Little Girl in a terrible voice, "And so the Black Witch turned the little boy into a toad, and he sat under a toadstool in the wet garden and croaked and was very sad. And nobody—not even his poor mother—had the slightest idea where he was, or why he didn't come home for tea."

The Little Boy put his hands over his ears. "Don't read any more," he cried in anguish, "don't, till I can ask you, does the good fairy find him and change him back again?" The Little Girl smiled, but her eyes were very mysterious. "Not till the next chapter," she said, and she closed the book and would not read any more till the next day.

"For," she said, "I have a whole lot of work to do today, you know. And later we had tea before the fire, and there were cookies with raisins in them, and it was very nice and comfy, but the Little Boy was not satisfied. He wanted to talk about the little boy in the book who was changed into a toad; he wondered whether he felt the cold under his toadstool, and he wished, he said, that he knew what he had to eat when he was a toad and how he liked it."

What Little Boy Asked. And then he wanted to know all about witches, and hobgoblins, and wizards, and gnomes, and pixies, and magic. But most of all, about ghosts.

He was greatly interested in ghosts. He hunched his chair close to mine when he asked about them and kept looking over his shoulder at the door, but, for

all that, he seemed disappointed when I insisted that there were really no such things as ghosts at all. And oddly enough he seemed very much pleased about it, and so did the Little Girl, to my utter amazement. And I made up my mind that they both like to have something in the world to be afraid of.

"So," said the Little Girl, "that we will feel nice and comfy in here by the fire when we think that just outside the window there might be—And the Little Girl hugged herself and shivered deliciously."

What Do You Fear? How much are we like the Little Boy and the Little Girl—we grown-ups—I wonder? Did you ever see a woman who had the love of a true and honest heart that she did not try to frighten herself every now and then by pretending to have lost it?

Did you ever know a man who made a great success in life, who didn't like to sit down and worry about what would happen to his family after he died?

What's your ghost—the one that walks in the silent chambers of your innermost heart? And yet, if you did not choose to listen, you would not believe that there was such a thing as that particular ghost.

Do you fear the black witch of poverty? Why, you have never seen it at your window, and yet if you will but think of it enough, there it is, tapping on the pane and calling to you in a dreadful whisper.

Who's going to change you into a toad and make you sit out in the garden under a toadstool when you are even your poor mother can find you?

When the Little Boy was safely tucked in bed he called out from the open door to his sister in the next room. "Anybody?" he called. "There's policemen, and there's a doctor, I've seen 'em both!"

Do not laugh at him too hard until you are quite sure you are never in the least bit like him.

Develop Children's Talents But Do Not Force Their Careers Upon Them, Says Singer-Mother



Mme. Homer, prima donna, and Her Four Girls. Left to Right—

"DON'T force distasteful careers upon your children," is the advice of Mme. Louise Homer, the famous prima donna.

If any mother is tempted to pick and choose careers for her children it is the mother who has achieved fame herself. The old theory, however, that the son of a singer should be a singer, that the child of a writer should be a writer, and that the child of a famous surgeon should be a surgeon, is at last being reluctantly relinquished by the majority of intelligent parents.

Mme. Homer is a firm disciple of this sensible creed. "After a mother has thoroughly familiarized herself

with her children's ideas and ideals," says Mme. Homer, "she must not insist upon the development of their particular talents. She must be careful not to develop those talents as she would have them, but according to the child's conception of them."

In other words, Mme. Homer thinks that a woman must train her offspring to specialize in order to be effective and that efficiency is the watchword of modern progress. Also that the lines upon which the child's life is planned and worked out are the results of their own innate ideas.

It is not, however, the world has learned to try to save human life and prevent suffering, mothers especially are not quite so determined for their children before they are able to choose for themselves.

Mme. Homer's four girls are not worried about dodging mother-chosen careers. They are eager and ready to be directed and to learn, but they will undoubtedly choose and plan their own futures.

CATHERINE, MME. HOMER, HESTER, ANN AND LOUISE.

would not be what mother or papa wished. The sad reason why this chord of sympathy was roused, was because the stories of the brand mentioned depicted actual events in the lives of many human beings. They had their human parallels to a marked degree.

Since, however, the world has learned to try to save human life and prevent suffering, mothers especially are not quite so determined for their children before they are able to choose for themselves.

Mme. Homer's four girls are not worried about dodging mother-chosen careers. They are eager and ready to be directed and to learn, but they will undoubtedly choose and plan their own futures.

Certain things that the child should be allowed to do on his own line, because of preconceived ideas on the part of the parent, is to determine to a certainty, just how many leaves will grow on a tree and in just what direction the branches will grow, at the time of the planting of the seed.

Certain things can be determined. It is true, but the fact that every child is born an individual, entitles him to personal choice after training.

A New Viewpoint. "No, it's that fool, Jaynes. When ever he phones or butts in we seem to have difficulty."

Mary smiled. "You're queer, Peter. You thought he was a wonderfully nice chap until we went on the boating trip, and since then, simply because you don't happen to feel so very well, you take it all out on him and me."

Where's the mail and the morning papers? "I inquired savagely. "Don't you eat your breakfast first, Peter?"

"Don't want any breakfast! If the coffee is too hot I might take some." I thought I saw Mary smile, but when I glanced at her a little sharply she looked very serious.

A Close Shot. It was during a golf game in Scotland. The first player who drove off was very bow-legged. The second player, unimpaired, that his opponent was directly in front of him, struck the ball and it whizzed between his opponent's legs.

"Hoot, mon," said the bow-legged one in anger, "that's nae golf!" "That's nae golf!" said his opponent complacently, "er 'tis nae golf 'tis gude croquet."—Ladies Home Journal.

Food Query Department

Conducted by

Prof. LEWIS B. ALLYN

of Westfield, Mass.

"The Pure Food Town"

Address your questions to Food Editor and you will receive a reply by mail or through this column.

OYSTERS. From your knowledge of the oyster it is safe for those living at a distance from the source of supply to eat them? MRS. N. R.

If you refer to the shell oysters which are shipped properly packed, we see no reason why they are not as healthful in inland towns as in those near the coast. If you refer to shell oysters which are not properly packed, they are not as healthful in inland towns as in those near the coast. The modern means of transportation and packing a few hundred miles makes little difference in the healthfulness of any food product. A bad oyster is a menace to health whether in Boston or Butte, Mont.

GRAPE FRUIT VS. ORANGES. What food has the grape fruit? Is it better than the orange? MRS. H. B. C.

Strictly speaking neither of the fruits mentioned has a high nutritive value. They are nevertheless extremely important adjuncts to the diet. They consist mostly of water (about 85 per cent) with various sugars, organic acids, and essential oils. The grapefruit is slightly more favorable influence on the digestion and should be eaten even more freely than they are.

We could not say whether the orange or the grape fruit is superior. Both are excellent for the health. The matter of flavor which enters into consideration, is in a large part a personal one.

CASEIN. Will you kindly inform me if casein as used in some food products is harmful? I am told that it is used as a substitute for eggs along with other ingredients. H. C. C.

Strictly speaking casein cannot be regarded as a substitute for eggs. It is, however, a pure, a product of high food value as it is practically wholly absorbed in the digestive process.

SERIAL NUMBER. Will you please tell me where to get the necessary permit or serial number to make and sell flavoring extracts? F. A. B.

In reply to your query beg to advise that it is not necessary nor now possible to secure a serial number for the selling of flavoring extracts. The serial number referred to was a misreading, was taken under advantage by some manufacturers, and was misinterpreted by thousands of consumers. It becomes inoperative during 1916.

Revisiting. The backward path to boyhood days is never very hard to find. You find it quite easy to gaze. Surveyed old scenes of boyhood land: While strangers passed and never guessed The growing turmoil in your breast.

That wall you climbed with all your might, The while you tore your stocking knees, Has shrunk to such a puny height, You mount upon its crest with ease. The tree that was too thick to climb, By some odd means has gotten thin.

Three Minute Journeys

By TEMPLE MANNING.

ROM London to Hopetown, clear across the continent of Australia, runs a fence of woven wire 1,200 miles long, and the single purpose of its construction is to guard the fertile farm lands from the havoc-making rabbit pest.

The entire eastern part of the continent is overrun with rabbits, but the western state, the "Golden State," as it is proudly called, is practically free from them, thanks to this sevenfold wonder of a fence.

Upon the intactness of this barrier depends the prosperity of every farmer in western Australia, and it is guarded with the eagerness and the care that a beleaguered state takes to prevent a devastating army from passing its boundary.

Imported into the country by some immigrants, who doubtless hoped that they would live and thrive, the original pair—for rabbits are not native to Australia—have multiplied into a countless horde, hardy, omnivorous and in vast armies they scout along the fence seeking for some entrance hole, and often travel hundreds of miles to the green end of the fence trying to find a possible passage through the impenetrable regions to the fertile farms.

The most amazing precautions are taken by the Golden State, to maintain the effectiveness of its barrier. Range riders guard it for its entire length, and keep it in a perfect state of repair. Ingenious traps are installed at every railroad crossing, and wherever a road passes through, rabbit-proof gates are built into the fence. A heavy fine is the penalty for any one who leaves a gate open.

Sometimes a "willy-willy," or cyclone, levels whole sections of the fence, and then it must be rebuilt with all possible speed. Often the cyclone in the desert country through which a part of the fence runs, and then the posts and rails must be replaced with actual life. The maintenance is large, but the saving to the fertile farms repays the outlay many times in bountiful crops.

The second generation will, in course of time, be the ruling generation, and unless it is far better fitted to work and prosper with actual life than the present ruling generation, the same unemployment problem present now will again arise, more threatening, more dangerous, and more unjust to the individual than ever before.

Children who have before them any possibility of a life which develops the child himself, for as the child is trained, so does the citizen grow, and the efficiency which is implanted into the mind of the child is merely another way of guaranteeing efficiency for the second generation.

Children who have before them any possibility of a life which develops the child himself, for as the child is trained, so does the citizen grow, and the efficiency which is implanted into the mind of the child is merely another way of guaranteeing efficiency for the second generation.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE.

THE MORNING AFTER. "I did not feel better in the morning. I was positively ill from sunburn, and my introspection of the night before seemed but a morbid reflex of an aching body."

Poetically enough, that second morning on the motor boat I had exposed my already sunburned skin to further indiscretion, despite the protests of my wife. Now I surely paid in full.

Jaynes called up and asked how we were. I snatched the phone from the table beside the bed and answered it. "For Mary was out of the room, hunting among my things for a softer shirt."

"Thank you," I said, "I feel as bad as I can and still keep on living." "Great kum-bum-bum," she said, amused voice, "you are in a bad way. Just sunburn."

"Man, do you realize that I am bandaged like a dying gladiator?" "That I can't help it," she said, "I don't at all. 'How's your wife?' demanded Jaynes. It annoyed me all at once that I'd forgotten to ask her how she was. Mary had been so busy getting me in shape that I hadn't had time."

Sunburn and Temper. "Mary," I said, firmly, "feels very well, very well, indeed, thank you. I rang off to find Mary herself the head, 'Oh Peter,' she said, 'I don't at all. I fell terribly. I can hardly stand it when my waist touches my throat and arms.'"

"But you're up and around," I hinted. "That's surely something." "I'm up and around," said Mary, "as you call it, simply because somebody has to run over you with bandages and—"

"It is quite possible," I said, evenly, "for me to find a trained nurse who will do this for me. Money, of course, is no object, dear no! And why should you

Advice To Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE.

Dear Annie Laurie: When leaving a gentleman in the evening is it proper to thank him for the good time he has shown you?

BROWN EYES. How did he "show" you a good time? You look through a peek hole somewhere?

Never. If you've had a good time and the man is to blame for it, tell him so in the name of common sense. Don't make up some set formula, just say what you mean in plain, simple, honest English, that's all.

Lily Dale—You know if the young man did not care for you, it would be almost impossible to "win him back." If he does not call or otherwise show his interest in you, try to forget him.

HOW TO GET RID OF DYSPEPSIA. Don't Rely on Medicine; Don't Go on Freak Diet; Common Sense and an Antacid Usually All That Are Needed.

"If you have dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching, distress after eating, heartburn or any other stomach trouble due to hyperacidity (the usual cause of stomach troubles) you should take no medicine to act upon the stomach itself. That is positively not the way to cure the trouble. This is indigestion, a little antacid after meals. The best antacid is ordinary bicarbonate of soda, which can be purchased at any drug store. This is not to act upon the stomach but on the contents of the stomach. The antacid, as you can learn by consulting your dictionary or encyclopedia, is merely to neutralize or counteract the excess acid so the stomach is left in normal condition in a short time, if you have not allowed dyspepsia to advance to the extreme stage of developing stomach ulcers."

TYROE'S Antiseptic Powder. Has never poisoned nor killed any one. Used for the same purpose as medicine. One is sure death. The other is sure cure. 25c. 50c. at all drug stores in the world. J. S. TYROE, CHEMIST, INC., WASHINGTON, D. C.

MILLER'S SELF-RAISING BUCKWHEAT Makes Finest Griddle Cakes. A Single Trial Proves It. At your grocer's. No customers supplied. B. B. EARNSHAW & BRO., Wholesale, 11th and M Sts. N. W.

Progress Since the Days Of Old Job; Science Puts The Boil Out of Business

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG. M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins.)

WHEN a godly man becomes pestered with a boil on his neck he leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper forsakes him, and he is put much out of countenance. Boils are the outcome of a combination of events. There is first to be considered the ever-present microbes and other atmospheric as well as fleshly bacteria. Next is a scratch, an abrasion or an opening into the bodily defense, through which the germs enter into the less resistant fabrics.

Finally the serum, lymph, and blood corpuscles must either be defective, weak, or saturated with noxious agencies. Before the boil or "furuncle" microbes can gain a foothold.

True enough there are numerous other contributory factors which give and comfort as well as shed the enemy in its onslaught upon the health. But the three essential causes are within the tissues, an unseen abrasion and the germs themselves. Two of the three are necessary, but in different degrees, before boils begin to make the skin their abiding place.

New Sulphur Forms. The treatment of boils ebbs and flows like the river Jordan. It is maintained that a "spring tonic" should always be given, even though the boils appeared in the lead of midwinter. Then came the period of bacteriological enlightenment, fifteen years or so ago. At that time internal "purifiers" were like ether physics cast to the dogs, and the lance and scalpel knife was insisted upon to displace the dirty, soggy, flaxseed poultice.

In all of these fashionable periods, sulphur as a remedy never lost its hold upon the thoughtful. Indeed, today it more than holds its own with the new direct physical result of having been born the child of the certain parent, but that they inherit the ability to direct their talents into the very same line as did one parent is a little unusual.

To assume that the child should be forced into any one line, because of preconceived ideas on the part of the parent, is to determine to a certainty, just how many leaves will grow on a tree and in just what direction the branches will grow, at the time of the planting of the seed.

Certain things can be determined. It is true, but the fact that every child is born an individual, entitles him to personal choice after training.

He gave you a good time, he didn't show it to you, unless he arranged to show you sit by and see some one else doing it.

Never. If you've had a good time and the man is to blame for it, tell him so in the name of common sense. Don't make up some set formula, just say what you mean in plain, simple, honest English, that's all.

Lily Dale—You know if the young man did not care for you, it would be almost impossible to "win him back." If he does not call or otherwise show his interest in you, try to forget him.

HOW TO GET RID OF DYSPEPSIA. Don't Rely on Medicine; Don't Go on Freak Diet; Common Sense and an Antacid Usually All That Are Needed.

"If you have dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching, distress after eating, heartburn or any other stomach trouble due to hyperacidity (the usual cause of stomach troubles) you should take no medicine to act upon the stomach itself. That is positively not the way to cure the trouble. This is indigestion, a little antacid after meals. The best antacid is ordinary bicarbonate of soda, which can be purchased at any drug store. This is not to act upon the stomach but on the contents of the stomach. The antacid, as you can learn by consulting your dictionary or encyclopedia, is merely to neutralize or counteract the excess acid so the stomach is left in normal condition in a short time, if you have not allowed dyspepsia to advance to the extreme stage of developing stomach ulcers."

TYROE'S Antiseptic Powder. Has never poisoned nor killed any one. Used for the same purpose as medicine. One is sure death. The other is sure cure. 25c. 50c. at all drug stores in the world. J. S. TYROE, CHEMIST, INC., WASHINGTON, D. C.

MILLER'S SELF-RAISING BUCKWHEAT Makes Finest Griddle Cakes. A Single Trial Proves It. At your grocer's. No customers supplied. B. B. EARNSHAW & BRO., Wholesale, 11th and M Sts. N. W.

The Gavotte Is The Castles' Next Lesson. The Castle Gavotte, second in the series of Modern Dances, posed and described by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, now appearing in this paper, will be printed on Monday, February 8.

The Washington Times